To make oppreſſion bitter, or ere this
I ſhould haue fatted all the region kytes
VVith this ſlaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,
Remorſleſſe, treacherous, letcherous, kindleſſe villain,
VVhy what an Aſſe am I? this is moſt braue,
That I the ſonne of a deere father murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Muſt like a whore vnpack my heart with words,
And fal a curſing like a very drabbe; ſtallion, fie vppon't, foh.
About my braines, hum, I haue heard,
That guiltie creatures ſitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scene,
Beene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther though it haue no tongue will ſpeake
With moſt miraculous organ. Ile haue theſe Players
Play ſomthing like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quick, if a do blench,
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I haue ſeene
May be a diuell, and the diuell hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea and perhaps,
Out of my weakeneſſe and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes me to dampe me; Ile haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
VVherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyl-denſterne, Lords

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his daies of quiet
VVith turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Roſ. He dooes confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe a will by no meanes ſpeake.
Guyl. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty madneſſe keepes aloofe
VVhen we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion

Of

6 a deere murthered, 8 hart 9 a ſtallyon
2 a deale, and the deale

5 demaunds